

BLEEDING GREEN (7WC)

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FADE IN

EXT. HIGHWAY 275 SOUTH, TAMPA - DAY

A blue, slightly beat up import winds through heavy, stop and go traffic at a ridiculously high rate of speed.

INT. JILLIAN'S CAR - DAY

JILLIAN McDONALD, early 20's, bangs on the steering wheel.

JILLIAN  
Let's go! Come on, people!

EXT. HIGHWAY 275, TAMPA

There's an opening in the passing lane. The little blue car slides in between a U HAUL truck and a Neon Green Low Rider.

She passes the low rider in the breakdown lane and succeeds in cutting him off without taking her foot off the gas.

INT. JILLIAN'S CAR

Jillian waves at the low rider in her rear view, as if a smile from her emerald eyes were able to thank him for the break.

JILLIAN  
This is ridiculous. Don't any of  
these people work?

The car radio reads 10:16. Jill flips on the radio, rapidly going through the pre-sets.

She settles on an alternative rock station playing Metallica.

She sighs and takes out a brush from her glovebox. Her hair is long, black and wavy, with a shock of peroxide that seemed like a good idea at the time.

EXT. TAMPA WESTSHORE HOTEL ENTRANCE - DAY

An upscale, downtown hotel surrounded by palm trees.

A VALET rushes to open the door of a brand new Mercedes.

Tom LOCKWOOD, Late 30's, with thick black hair and executive grey around the sideburns, exits the car.

He hands the valet a folded bill.

VALET

Thank you, Mr. Lockwood.

ELDRICH KRAUSE, 40's and equally well-dressed and handsome, approaches Tom. He uses a sliver-tipped cane and walks with a slight limp.

He speaks with a thick, German accent.

ELDRICH

Mien Gott! Where is she?

TOM

Don't worry, Eldrich. She'll be here.

INT. WESTSHORE HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

They walk through the lobby.

ELDRICH

Marcus Ross will be here any minute and I have no tolerance...

TOM

Look at the bright side.

Tom stops to adjust his tie in the reflection of a mirrored column.

Tom (CONT'D)

The congressman and I will have more time to discuss contributions to his campaign.

ELDRICH

Honestly, I have no idea why you choose to entrust such critical responsibility to a...child!

TOM

D'Antonio likes her and he's connected. Besides...

Tom presses the UP button at the elevators.

TOM (CONT'D)

She is much more than meets the eye, Mr. Eldrich.

The big, brass doors slowly open.

TOM (CONT'D)  
After you, sir.

Eldrich frowns, his heavy grey eyebrows fixed in an almost permanent scowl.

EXT. HIGHWAY 275, TAMPA

The blue car approaches the scene of the crime: a wreck with an overturned vehicle surrounded by POLICE and TOW TRUCK.

Cars are merging left, past the accident to the freedom that awaits, just beyond it. There is barely enough room to the right of the wreck.

Jillian flies through the cones and narrowly misses the TOW TRUCK DRIVER who wisely leaps out of her way.

The blue car continues to soar down the highway, leaving orange cones dancing in her wake.

INT. JILLIAN'S CAR

Her cell phone fills the car with the hip hoppy sounds of pop star ringtone.

She finds her phone on the passenger seat, glances at it quickly and answers it.

JILLIAN  
Traffic. Some joker flipped his car  
at just before Dale Mabry.

INT. TOM'S HOTEL ROOM

Ulrich smokes a cigarette, his nose buried in a laptop. The ashtray is already half-full as he sits by the table.

Tom stands by a window, the view overlooking West Tampa from ten stories up.

He's on the phone, and talks softly.

TOM  
That happens. Everything according  
to spec?

INT. JILLIAN'S CAR

Jillian glances in the rearview mirror, which shows a briefcase sitting on the backseat.

JILLIAN  
Yeah. It's still good.

INT. TOM'S HOTEL ROOM

Tom smiles slightly and taps at a pigeon who has landed on the window sill.

TOM  
Make sure it stays that way. Drive anonymous.

JILLIAN (O.S.)  
(Laughing) Sure.

TOM  
We don't need any questions...

A knock on the door.

Ulrich sighs, slams down the cover of the laptop and checks the door.

He opens the door to reveal EMMA, a pretty teenager in a Westshore uniform.

She smiles and hands Ulrich an envelope.

EMMA  
Mr. Frost asked me to bring this to you personally.

Ulrich takes the envelope.

Emma pauses as if waiting for a tip.

Ulrich reaches in his pocket and finds sixty five cents in change.

ULRICH  
I...don't carry cash.

Emma accepts the change politely and smiles.

Ulrich closes the door and rips open the envelope.

TOM  
What's it say?

Ulrich hands over the note.

ULRICH

Ross is caught in the same mess  
that Jillian is...said he'll be  
here in a half hour or so.

TOM

See? No worries.

EXT. OFF RAMP

The car's tires lift slightly off the pavement as Jillian  
takes the turn at dangerous speed.

Jillian blows through a red light at the end of the ramp.

INT. JILLIAN'S CAR

The phone rings again. She picks it up.

JILLIAN

I'm on North Lois...You are kidding  
me right? Who the hell does he  
think he is? I bust my butt to get  
there mostly on time and he...

Jillian swerves to avoid a bicyclist.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)

Remind me to kill him first.

INT. TOM'S HOTEL ROOM

Tom laughs and hangs up the phone.

INT. WESTSHORE HOTEL-CONFERENCE ROOM

The room is filled with PEOPLE IN SUITS who sit in padded  
hotel chairs.

They look towards the speaker in front of the room.

Congressman MARCUS ROSS, 60's, a tall, African American man  
glances at the very expensive looking watch on the podium.

It reads Twelve Fourteen.

CONGRESSMAN ROSS

...So, in conclusion, I'd like to thank Anthony Ryan for his ongoing, tireless dedication to the students of Hillsborough County...

The room applauds politely as ANTHONY RYAN stands briefly.

CONGRESSMAN ROSS (CONT'D)

I'd like to close with thought from the great Apostle Paul, a man, who, like Mister Ryan, rose above his adversity and despair to become someone far greater than himself.

The Congressman clears his throat and looks out over the audience.

CONGRESSMAN ROSS (CONT'D)

Let us all forget what lies behind and continue to reach ever forward towards that which lies ahead. And friends, do not allow the past to determine your future. Thank you all, thank you Tampa Bay and may God bless America.

The crowd stands and applauds.

Congressman Ross shakes hands and smiles as the people in suits gather around him.

MISTER FROST, a small man with wire rimmed glasses, breaks through the crowd.

He whispers something in the Congressman's ear.

CONGRESSMAN ROSS (CONT'D)

I see. Thank you.

Mr. Frost walks up to the podium and taps the mike twice.

MISTER FROST

Excuse me. Congressman Ross is behind schedule and will not be able to answer your questions at this time. Thank you

Congressman Ross exits, followed by Frost.

A SECURITY GUARD stands in front of the exit.

INT. WESTSHORE HOTEL - HALLWAY

Frost and Ross walk towards the elevator and press the UP button.

MISTER FROST  
I thought that went well.

The Congressman nods.

INT. TOM'S HOTEL ROOM

Tom stands by the window as Jillian sorts papers on the bed. Ulrich wipes his hands on his pants.

TOM  
Relax. It will be fine.

ULRICH  
It's not your money.

TOM  
It's my reputation.

Ulrich frowns and lights yet another cigarette.

The ashtray overflows.

Jillian picks up the ashtray like it was a dead rat.

JILLIAN  
(Under her breath)  
Disgusting habit...

She dumps the butts into the trash can.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)  
I'm pretty sure this was a non-smoking room...

Ulrich shrugs.

ULRICH  
Muzzle your hound, please. It's starting to annoy me.

A knock on the door.

Tom opens the door for the Congressman. Mr. Frost waits outside.

TOM  
Thanks for stopping by, Marcus.

CONGRESSMAN ROSS  
Sure. Always time for a local boy  
who done good...

Ulrich stands and offers his hand.

TOM  
This is my associate, Ulrich  
Eldrich.

CONGRESSMAN ROSS  
Nice to meet you.

They shake hands.

CONGRESSMAN ROSS (CONT'D)  
And who is this attractive young  
lady?

Jillian blushes slightly and offers her hand.

JILLIAN  
Jillian McIntyre, sir. Pleased to  
meet you, although I admit I  
disagree with you on almost every  
issue.

Ross laughs and smiles warmly

CONGRESSMAN ROSS  
Hopefully we share some common  
ground in regards to agricultural  
science.

JILLIAN  
That we do, sir.

Ross pulls up a chair and has a seat.

CONGRESSMAN ROSS  
So what have you got?

Jillian hands a stapled packet of data to each of the men.

TOM  
A cheaper, safer alternative to  
bovine somatotrophin...

CONGRESSMAN ROSS  
Really? Growth hormone?

Ross pulls a pair of glasses from his jacket.

CONGRESSMAN ROSS (CONT'D)  
I'm listening.

ULRICH  
We have an all natural method of stimulating superior meat and milk production without using e coli as a catalyst for growth.

Tom opens his packet to a chart detailing the biology behind the science.

TOM  
All the data is here. Profits will be through the roof.

CONGRESSMAN ROSS  
Yeah. Impressive stuff, fellas. We can do this, although going up against Monsanto isn't gonna come cheap...

Tom opens the closet door to reveal the briefcase that Jillian had in the back seat.

TOM  
We know.

Ulrich takes a set of keys out of his pocket and opens the case. Filled with cash.

Congressman Ross takes a bundle of cash and nods.

CONGRESSMAN ROSS  
Excellent.

Tom locks the case. Ulrich hands the key to Ross, who slips it in his shirt pocket.

CONGRESSMAN ROSS (CONT'D)  
What do you need from me?

ULRICH  
We have a facility in Plant City that's been hung up on some prior violations...

CONGRESSMAN ROSS  
Is it that Winslow cat?

Tom nods.

CONGRESSMAN ROSS (CONT'D)  
Yeah. Done deal.

TOM  
We also need some USDA testing  
expidited...

The Congressman nods.

ULRICH  
And lastly, I have an associate  
that is presently incarcerated...

CONGRESSMAN ROSS  
What'd he do?

ULRICH  
RICO-racketeering...

CONGRESSMAN ROSS  
Nothin' to do with kids?

Ulrich shakes his head.

CONGRESSMAN ROSS (CONT'D)  
I'll see what I can do. The rest of  
this stuff-we'll get this done. I  
like this, fellas. Good work here.

The Congressman gets up and opens the door.

MISTER FROST  
Yes, sir?

CONGRESSMAN ROSS  
Get some information from these  
fine people. Some zoning issues and  
such.

MISTER FROST  
Absolutely.

Congressman Ross picks up the briefcase and smiles

CONGRESSMAN ROSS  
Pleasure doin' business with ya'll.

TOM  
There's one more small thing...

Tom whispers something into the Congressman's ear. He nods.

Tom smiles as he leaves.

EXT. L&G AGRICULTURAL SOLUTIONS, INC - DAY

A small, brick buidling in a rough part of town. It's front and sides are surrounded by a rusty chain link fence.

The back opens to a wooded area.

There are two parts to the building. L&G Agricultural Solutions is painted on the door on the left, a "For Sale or Lease" Sign on the right.

A white cargo van pulls up. A magnetic sign on the side reads "Mitchell & Sons Electrical Contractors."

Two men, TALON and COBALT, climb out of the van and open the back. They wear blue "Mitchell & Sons" shirts and jeans.

Talon appears to be Asian, with two dragon tattoos-one on each side of his face.

Cobalt is a tower of muscle and pain. He wears a seventies era 'fro and a horseshoe mustache.

INT. CARGO VAN - DAY

They open the back door to reveal spools of what appears to be a thick, blue coated wire.

Each man grabs a spool and some tools.

INT. L&G AGRICULTURAL SOLUTIONS, INC - LOBBY

Talon and Cobalt enter the lobby.

PATRICE, late fourties and eternally bored, glances up from her tabloid.

PATRICE  
Can I help you gentlemen?

They look puzzled.

COBALT  
We're here to...fix the wiring?

PATRICE  
Far as I know the wiring don' need no fixin'. Hold on.

Patrice taps a number on her phone.

PATRICE (CONT'D)  
Mister Eldrich. Did you hire the  
Village People to do some work  
today? The lab? Oh, Okay then. I'll  
buzz them through.

Patrice hits a buzzer under her desk, which causes the door  
behind her to open.

Cobalt frowns and walks through door, followed closely by  
Talon.

PATRICE (CONT'D)  
Gawd. That had'a hurt.

INT. L&G AGRICULTURAL SOLUTIONS, INC - LAB

The men enter a wide, spacious enclosure.

Steel tables are covered with test tubes, beakers and glass  
pipes that gurgle and pop and appear to be doing something  
important.

Several cages are empty, with one rabbit in a metal cage  
marked "P.I.A. 36 - (7A).

Stalls appropriate for larger animals are empty and clean.

Jill works on a computer, next to an emergency exit fire  
door.

Another door is in-between the animal cages, almost hidden,  
on the far right side of the room.

It has a card-swipe lock as well as a push-button  
combination.

Cobalt and Talon fumble with the lock.

Jillian sighs and gets up to help.

JILLIAN  
Just for the record, it was NOT my  
choice to call you guys for this  
job. So, if you can manage to pull  
it off WITHOUT fucking it up I  
would greatly appreciate it.

Jillian swipes her card, punches in her code and holds the  
door open.

Cobalt sneers as he heaves the spool of wire through the  
door.

COBALT  
Enjoy your day, ma'am.

INT. L&G COVERT MEDICAL - HALLWAY

The door opens into the space next door, which was previously used as a medical facility. Many of the same fixtures remain and appear to be in use.

Cobalt and Talon enter and walk down the hallway.

INT. L&G COVERT MEDICAL - ROOM #3

Ulrich stands over a PATIENT #3 in a hospital bed.

Patient #3 is an old man with a grey, scratchy beard and thin, wispy hair.

He's attached to a respirator, E.K.G machine and other equipment that one might find in an Intensive Care Unit.

Ulrich marks on his clipboard chart.

Patient #3 coughs up blood as Talon peeks through the interior window.

INT. L&G COVERT MEDICAL - HALLWAY

Talon frowns as he carries the spool of wire.

Cobalt stops and takes a peek at Room #4.

He smiles and waves for Talon to come take a look.

INT. L&G COVERT MEDICAL - ROOM #4

The set-up of the room is identical to Room #3. Same bed, same machines, but a very different Patient #4.

Patient #4 is a young woman, early twenties, who sits up cross legged on the side of her bed in a loose hospital gown.

She's very attractive, her hair messy like she just woke up from a night of passion and fireworks.

Tom stands next to her and glares at the two men peeking through the window.

They disappear immediately.

INT. L&G COVERT MEDICAL - HALLWAY

Cobalt walks past the Room #4 window.

COBALT  
That's a shame...A real, goddamn  
shame.

Cobalt sighs as he takes measurements of the hallway.

Tom enters the hallway with his clipboard under his arm.

Ulrich exits Room #3, also with a clipboard.

He catches up to Tom. They exchange some papers.

ULRICH  
How's she doing?

TOM  
Splendidly. And number three?

ULRICH  
As expected, unfortunately.

Tom taps Talon on the shoulder as he marks down measurements in his notebook.

TOM  
Please respect the privacy of the  
patients, gentlemen.

Jillian enters through the lab door and approaches Tom and Ulrich. She grabs the clipboards from both of them.

JILLIAN  
Thank you. I was looking for these.  
Did you get the sample from three?

Jillian flips through the pages as Ulrich rolls his eyes.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)  
Good. Just making sure. Could you  
stop by my desk when you get a  
minute?

Tom nods and follows Jill back through the door.

Cobalt stands and whispers to Ulrich.

COBALT  
Bitch is gettin' on my nerves.

ULRICH

Meine Güte! She makes a profession of it. Be patient. It'll be over soon enough.

Cobalt sighs as Ulrich exits.

Talon has stopped before the window to Room #5. He waves for Cobalt to come over.

They look in the room. It appears empty, the sheets on the bed undone and splotted with blood.

Cobalt wiggles the doorknob. It's locked.

He shrugs his shoulders and turns away as PATIENT #5, a grey skinned man with blood oozing from his pores, slams his body and face against the window.

As Patient #5 appears to slide to the floor, a stain of blood streaks down the cracked glass.

COBALT

Damn, damn, damn.

Cobalt and Talon hurry back to work.

INT. L&G AGRICULTURAL SOLUTIONS, INC - LAB

Ulrich and Tom stand around Jillian's desk. A white rabbit hops around the desk.

Jillian picks him up and holds him.

JILLIAN

So...tonight for three?

Tom nods.

TOM

He's at...

He consults his clipboard then his watch.

TOM (CONT'D)

Sixteen point seven five...He's still got about six and a half to seven...Yeah...it'll be tonight.

ULRICH

Five is doing better than expected at twenty one...

JILLIAN  
He's a younger guy, right?

She grabs the clipboard from Ulrich and flips it open.

ULRICH  
Is asking politely out of the question?

JILLIAN  
I don't have time to be polite. Yeah. See? Thirty one years old, one fifty and change. Good diet, excercise...Not surprising. Data supports that.

TOM  
He won't make it to twenty two, though.

Jillian shakes her head.

JILLIAN  
No...twenty two point five maybe...seven five tops.

ULRICH  
What about four?

Ulrich grabs the clipboard off Jillian's desk.

TOM  
What about her?

ULRICH  
She's twenty eight, single...

Jillian laughs as she puts the rabbit back in his cage.

JILLIAN  
Not exactly your type.

Ulrich glares.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)  
What do you think? Pay her the ten grand, send her to Vegas and hope for the best?

Tom shakes his head.

TOM  
Your are kidding, right?

Jillian frowns.

JILLIAN  
Worst case she squawks and we have  
her committed....

ULRICH  
Perhaps you should reconsider your  
line of work.

JILLIAN  
She...reminds me of my aunt.

Tom opens the front left door to Jillian's desk and removes a  
.357 Beretta 8000 Cougar and flips of the saftey.

ULRICH  
Tonight, then?

Tom nods and draws his aim at an imaginary target across the  
room.

TOM  
Tonight.

EXT. L&G AGRICULTURAL SOLUTIONS, INC BACK SIDE - NIGHT

A tall, shadowy figure hides in the brush behind the shop.

Cobalt and Talon load a large, black plastic body bag into  
the back of the cargo van.

It flops on top of three others, of similiar size.

Ulrich exits the building and lights a cigarette as Cobalt  
closes the door.

He glances into the woods, like he sees something.

Ulrich, gun raised, walks towards the brush.

EXT. WOODED AREA - NIGHT

Ulrich sees nothing. He frowns and puts his gun back in his  
pants.

He waves to Cobalt to move out.

EXT. L&G AGRICULTURAL SOLUTIONS, INC BACK SIDE

The van flips on it's headlights and pulls away.

EXT. L&G AGRICULTURAL SOLUTIONS, INC - MORNING

A sleek, silver German sports car pulls into the parking lot. Ulrich climbs out and walks by Talon, who scrubs the inside of the "Mitchell & Sons" van with soapy water.

ULRICH  
Guten Morgen , mein Freund.

Talon nods as sweat drips down his ornate cheeks.

INT. L&G AGRICULTURAL SOLUTIONS, INC - LOBBY

Patrice packs a large cardboard box with plants, pictures and other momentos from her desk.

Ulrich enters and appears surprised to see her.

ULRICH  
Patrice?! I thought you were  
already at the new building?

PATRICE  
I know; Mr. Tom said I could pop on  
back here...pick up some of my  
tchotchkes...I'm gonna miss this  
place, Mr. Ulrich.

ULRICH  
We'll still be here doing research.  
You can stop by whenever you like.

Patrice smiles. Her eyes tear up.

PATRICE  
Won't be the same.  
(beat)  
I'd better head over there.

Ulrich pats her on the shoulder and holds the door open as she carries the box.

PATRICE (CONT'D)  
Time to build some new memories,  
y'know?

Ulrich smiles as she leaves. He locks the door behind her.

INT. OLD MEDICAL BUILDING ROOM 5 - DAY

Cobalt listens to his iPod as he scrubs the floor with a thick brush.

Ulrich pops in and gets his attention.

ULRICH  
You look tired. Rough night?

COBALT  
Naw. Choppy on the boat. Ain' nothin' we couldn't handle.

ULRICH  
Everything all set for the next phase?

Cobalt nods and smiles. He shows Ulrich two small metallic objects, a two part magentic alarm.

ULRICH (CONT'D)  
Sehr gut.

The big man smiles and puts the alarm back in his pocket.

EXT. L&G AGRICULTURAL SOLUTIONS, INC - NIGHT

The blue import pulls into the parking lot.

Jillian exits with a fast food bag.

She fumbles for her keys and is approached by a tall figure.

JIM "SCARECROW" HARDEE, 75, walks towards Jillian.

His ragged clothes hang off his skin and bones frame like his namesake. He has long, stringy hair and grey stubble that pokes through the wrinkles on his aged face.

SCARECROW  
Evenin', pretty lady. How you doin' tonight?

JILLIAN  
I don't have any money. Leave me alone.

SCARECROW  
Aw, I don' wan no money...you so fine lookin'- so pretty an' thin-figure you may not wan' them fries...

Jillian sighs.

JILLIAN

Fine. Take it. I have a sandwich  
left over in the fridge. Christ.  
Why the hell do I pay taxes?

She hands Scarecrow the bag. He grins with teeth like a jack  
o' lantern.

SCARECROW

Much obliged, pretty lady...You is  
too kind.

JILLIAN

Yeah. Remember that next week.

SCARECROW

Oh, ma'am? Watch yourself in there.  
I hear some creepy shit  
sumtimes...like screams comin' from  
in there.

Jillain smiles.

JILLIAN

They're pigs. Sometimes I keep pigs  
in there. I do research for  
farmers. Thanks for your concern,  
though. I'll keep my eyes peeled.

Jillians smile fades into a serious frown as she finally  
opens the door and Scarecrow walks away.

INT. L&G AGRICULTURAL LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Jillian looks around. She checks some of the test tubes and  
writes down notes on the clipboard next to them.

She sighs and sits down at her computer and turns it on.

As it starts up, she opens the cage and picks up the rabbit.

Her cell phone rings.

INT. TOM'S NEW OFFICE - NIGHT

Tom has Ulrich's laptop open on his desk.

TOM

Hey. I got it.

JILLIAN (O.S.)  
Really? How?

TOM  
Left when he went down to the bar.  
Hooked up with some eurotrash...

JILLIAN (O.S.)  
We are all cleared over here. All  
traces, links or back ups of P.I.A.  
thirty five have been destomed,  
deleted or replaced with P.I.A.  
thirty eight. You'll have The only  
copy locked up in Geneva.

Tom takes a flash drive out of his pocket.

TOM  
Thirty eight is on this gizmo,  
right?

INT. L&G AGRICULTURAL LAB

Jillian pats the rabbit as it hops around the desk.

JILLIAN  
Yep. Plug it in...if the system  
asks for a password type in  
Weltherrschaft.

TOM (O.S.)  
How did you get that?

JILLIAN  
Photographic memory. I watched him  
type it in once...It means World  
domination in German.

TOM (O.S.)  
Ok. You be careful over there. You  
got two hours, remember? Two hours!

Jillian hangs up, picks up the rabbit.

JILLIAN  
You ready to blow this joint?

She pushes the fire exit door...

All hell breaks loose as the building explodes into a rage of  
fire, smoke and molten ash.

EXT. L&G AGRICULTURAL SOLUTIONS, INC BACK SIDE - NIGHT

Jillian has landed in the wooded area behind the burning building. She is unconscious.

Floating embers light the pine needles around her. Small fires erupt around her.

Scarecrow approaches, his right arm over his head for protection. Embers land on his clothes, but he bravely brushes them off as he presses towards Jillian.

He struggles, but is able to get his hands under Jillian's shoulders and lift the injured woman to her feet.

Her limp arm draped around his neck, Scarecrow carries her away, into the woods.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Tom sits at a elegantly set table with BETHANY, a heavy-set woman in her 30's, dressed in a flattering black outfit.

BETHANY

So, sixty five percent have been  
A.B zero zero, while twenty six  
percent are SLAB zero zero...

TOM

Know what that means?

Bethany shakes her head.

TOM (CONT'D)

Nine percent didn't follow the  
protocol...

BETHANY

Still, considering previous  
statistics...

Bethany pauses for a moment and looks up from her plate of delicious looking prime rib.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

That's odd.

Tom glances up from his lobster.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

All the time I've know you, I have  
never seen you eat beef.

(MORE)

BETHANY (CONT'D)

You'd think you would be a gourmet,  
considering our business.

TOM

You know I don't mix business with  
pleasure.

BETHANY

Course you do. Or did you already  
forget about last week on Gran  
Roque!?

Tom clears his throat.

TOM

That...was business. Lest we  
forget, our business is to build  
strong, heathy animals, from which  
we all profit greatly. What happens  
on the dinner table is not my  
concern.

Bethany picks up a piece of meat with her fork.

BETHANY

Well, take it from me.

She swirls it around in the au jus and pops it in her mouth  
and enjoys it like a fine piece of chocolate.

BETHANY (CONT'D)

It's really, really, good.

Tom's cell phone rings while he is at the table.

TOM

Excuse me...

He glances at the screen. Ulrich.

TOM (CONT'D)

It's the money man. I'd better take  
this.

Bethany frowns and sips from her water glass.

BETHANY

Funny. I was under the impression  
that I was the "money man" in this  
relationship.

Tom turns to one side and sits silently as listens to the  
phone. His face turns pale.

TOM  
How could this POSSIBLY happen?  
Jesus Christ...Yeah. I'll be right  
over.

Bethany leans over the table and grasps Tom's hand.

BETHANY  
Is everything okay?

Tom shakes his head.

He stands and removes the napkin from his lap.

BETHANY (CONT'D)  
What happened?

TOM  
There was...an accident at the  
shop.

Bethany gasps.

BETHANY  
Oh my God...Really? Was anyone  
injured?

TOM  
I...we don't know yet. You'll  
excuse me.

BETHANY  
Yes...Yes of course.

Tom dashes out of the restaurant as Bethany smiles.

EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A small house in a very run-down neighborhood. Tall weeds fill in the front yard, surrounded by chainlink fence.

A weather-worn No Trespassing sign dangles by one piece of wire that has yet to rust away.

A gate is open towards the front porch, decorated with a broken ceramic cow.

The white screen door is broken, the top right corner of the screen folded over, producing a triangle shape.

INT. JESSE'S HOUSE

Inside is messy, but not unpleasant. Books are everywhere, some in cases, some stacked up in piles that reach floor to ceiling.

Jillian is on a cot in the middle of the living room, a suspended I.V. Bag dripping through a tube, into her arm.

She is still unconscious.

JESSE THIBIDEAUX, a handsome guy in cargo shorts and a loud Hawaiian shirt, tends to the I.V.

He picks up Jillian's slender wrist and checks his watch, as if checking her radial artery pulse.

He hollers out to Scarecrow, who sits stoically on a metal folding chair.

JESSE

Hey! Wake it up, Scarecrow! Write this down! Eleven seventeen, stable, seventy eight.

SCARECROW

I gots it...What was it?

JESSE

Eleven eighteen...Seventy eight.

Scarecrow sounds out the letters to Eleven

SCARECROW

Less' see...Ee el ee Vee...

Jesse sighs and takes the clipboard and pen from Scarecrow.

JESSE

Go and grab me a cool one, will you? Unless you feel-

SCARECROW

Ah, Jesse, ain' no use worryin' bout' this ol' man. I been stone col' sober since Oh eight an' I ain' bout to blow it on a lousy bottle' of Moose pissin'...

Scarecrow leaves as Jesse opens a drawer in a dresser and pulls out a blood pressure cuff.

He's about to wrap it around Jillian's upper arm when she...

Screams at the top of her lungs.

JILLIAN

Aieeeeeee!

She struggles to get up, but she can't. This only makes her scream louder.

JESSE

Calm Down! You are safe!

Jesse grabs her shoulders and tries to get her head back on the pillow.

Jillian looks dazed as she screams. The Jesse appears too strong for her.

She begins to weep as he presses her shoulders to the bed.

Jillian tries to kick him off and quite nearly succeeds.

JESSE (CONT'D)

You're not...making this... easy!

Scarecrow runs in and puts the beer on the dresser.

SCARECROW

Wha' y'need me ta do?

Jillian narrowly misses his crotch with her right foot.

JESSE

Feet!

Scarecrow attempts to pin her feet down, but she is too strong.

The old man flies into the dresser. The beer and other items fall to the floor.

Jillians head turns towards the noise and screams again...

SCARECROW

Christ! Can' ya sedate her!

JESSE

No! Not until I know wha...is going...on...

As suddenly as she started, Jillian fades back to unconsciousness, going limp.

SCARECROW

Holy shit. That chick is strong?

Jesse nods and takes a deep breath.

JESSE

I need a CAT scan...suspect some major trauma...Where did you find her?

SCARECROW

Behin' tha' building on Fourth Street...Next ta where Jesse Wheeler used ta be...

Sunshine shrugs.

JESSE

You said it...exploded?

SCARECROW

I seen her come out th' side door, holdin' a bunny rabbit...then...

Scarecrow mimics an explosion sound.

JESSE

Why did she take out the rabbit? Did she expect something to happen?

Scarecrow shrugs.

Jesse gently caresses her cheek and sighs.

JESSE (CONT'D)

What where you up to over there, honey?...Did you know her?

Scarecrow shakes his head as he picks up the items the knocked over.

SCARECROW

Sh' gimme a fish sammich earlier...Sh' worked at th' buildin'...used ta see her go in an'out...

JESSE

Why'd you bring her to me?

SCARECROW

Sometimes...late at nigh', you hear screams...loud, painful screams...comin' from them buildings...

JESSE

Really?

Scarecrow nods.

SCARECROW

Then, the other night I seen 'em loadin' somethin' looked like bodies- into the van. One of 'em seen me, but I took off...

Jesse sighs as he checks Jillian's pockets.

JESSE

What'd you stumble onto here, old man?

SCARECROW

Figured it'd be bes' w'no questions asked.

Jesse sits in an easy chair and sighs.

JESSE

Suspect you may be right.

EXT. LOCKWOOD & DAY BUILDING

The building is burned out. Some of the concrete block still stands, but everything else is in smoldering ruin.

Yellow police tape surrounds the entire area. ONLOOKERS peek through to see what the hell is going on.

FIREMEN still pour water on some spots.

UNIFORMED POLICE and Detective DAVID LEACH scour the scene as they attempt to keep a band of REPORTERS at bay.

CLANCY FRENCH, early thirties with sculpted hair and a perfect manicure, runs up to David with her microphone.

CLANCY

Is there any indictment of foul play at this point? Lockwood was mentioned in the investigation of Marcus Ross...

DAVID

I have no comment on that.

REPORTER CLANCY

There was a car left in the parking lot. Any word on the owner? Are they considered a suspect at this point? Is the public at risk? Damn it, David...Give me something!

Detective David glares towards Clancy.

DAVID

I said no comment. That means that when I have something to say, I'll say it.

One of the Firemen, FIREMAN SAM, radios for Det. David. from deep inside the ruins.

FIREMAN SAM (O.S.)

Sector three needs confirmation, please-over.

DAVID

(Into radio)

Ten four, sector three. Be right there.

He clicks the radio off

DAVID (CONT'D)

Get her out of here will you?  
Christ, lemme do my job.

Another UNIFORMED OFFICER shuttles her away.

David walks over towards Fireman #1, who moves a large beam to his left.

Clancy breaks the officers loose grip and follows him.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I said get her out of here, Dammit!

Two more officers escort Clancy back towards the yellow tape.

EXT. LOCKWOOD & DAY - IN THE RUINS

David gingerly steps over rubble as he works his way towards what used to be an inner room.

The Fireman Sam pulls up a long piece of thick wire from the rubble.

FIREMAN SAM

Looks like it was wired. Found some more of it over there. Shit's all over the place.

David examines the wire and nods.

DAVID

Yep. Let's keep this under wraps. I'll get forensics over here. See if there's any trace of C four.

Sam nods.

David pats the young fireman on the shoulder and walks away.

EXT. LOCKWOOD & DAY BUILDING

Tom breaks through the crowd of onlookers and passes under the yellow tape.

TOM

Where is Detective Leach?

David approaches.

DAVID

Yeah. You Tom Lockwood.

Tom nods.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Good. Walk with me.

Tom and David walk over to Jillian's car, which is burned almost beyond recognition.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Do you know...

David consults his notepad.

DAVID (CONT'D)

A Jillian Marie McIntyre?

Tom shakes his head.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Any reason to suspect she may be alive in there?

TOM

I don't know a Jillian McIntosh. We have a lot of homeless that camp in the woods. Might belong to one of them.

David frowns. He can tell Tom is lying.

DAVID

Look. I could care less about brick and mortar or insurance payments or any of that crap! But, if your greedy ass negligence led to the death of this gal, I guarantee you that I will personally put your nuts in a vice and squeeze! You got that?

Tom laughs smugly.

TOM

Call me if you figure out what happened to my building.

Tom hands him a business card and walks away.

INT. JESSE'S KITCHEN -

Jill is up and sips orange juice at the table.

Jesse enters and jots notes on his clip board.

JILLIAN

Is this...a hospital?

JESSE

It serves the purpose.

JILLIAN

You're a...Jessetor?

Jesse laughs softly.

JESSE

Used to be. Now, they call me Jesse. Kids get shot up out there on the battlefield. They come to me, I fix them up, no questions asked.

JILLIAN

Why?

JESSE  
Sanctity of life, I suppose. Kids  
make bad choices, I made bad  
choices. Maybe by providing that  
second chance I can get my karma to  
start spinning in a positive  
direction...

Jillian smiles and studies her face in a hand mirror.

JILLIAN  
So...who IS this?

JESSE  
We'll find out. Let me take a look  
at your eyes.

Jesse opens a kitchen drawer and pulls out an ophthalmoscope.

He shines the light into Jill's eyes.

JILLIAN  
Light...hurts.

JESSE  
Not surprised. Do you know what  
your name is?

JILLIAN  
Sure...it's...Damn, I just...I  
can't think...like a fog.

JESSE  
You have some retrograde amnesia  
going on...It'll be like that for a  
little while. In the meantime, I  
suggest you get some more rest.  
Jesetor's orders.

Jill smiles as the Jesse exits the room.

EXT. DOWNTOWN OFFICE BLG - NIGHT

A tall, modern and thoroughly generic skyscraper filled with  
suits, greed and lies.

INT. TOM'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Tom stands in front of the huge picture window, the city of  
Tampa spread out like a banquet before him.

He appears drunk, a half empty bottle of Kentucky's finest on his desk.

Tom sits at his desk and pours another shot of relief. He downs it and hits the space bar on his computer.

A grainy images of what appears to be a security camera appears.

The image shows Scarecrow and Jillian talking before she went into the building.

He plays it over and over.

The smart phone rings. He picks it up and puts it to his ear.

TOM  
I'm drunk and angry...

ULRICH (O.S.)  
(on phone)  
Is that anyway to greet your partner who brings excellent news?

INT. TOM'S OFFICE

Tom throws the glass at the wall.

TOM  
Fuck you, Ulrich! Your idiot stooges fucked it up! They completely and totally FUCKED UP!...Arghh!

Tom whips his smartphone against the wall as he breaks down at his desk, sweaty, trembling and finally giving in to grief.

EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE - DAY

Scarecrow rides down the sidewalk and stops to open a chain link fence that surrounds the property.

He leaves his bike in the gravel driveway and enters into the backyard, where he is greeted by a very large Rottweiler.

SCARECROW  
Down girl! Nice to see you, too, Trixie!

INT. JESSE'S KITCHEN - DAY

Scarecrow knocks on the back screen door.

JESSE  
Good. Wipe your feet.

The old man enters, carrying a paper bag which he sets on the counter.

SCARECROW  
I foun' everythin' ya asked for,  
cept' th' potassium phosphate.

JESSE  
No worries. I have enough for now.

SCARECROW  
Doe's she need anythin' else?

JESSE  
I don't know. Jane?

Jillian enters, drying her hair and fresh from her morning shower. She wears a shirt and shorts that obviously belong to Jesse.

JILLIAN  
Hello...

Jillian strains her eyes and then smiles.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)  
Scarecrow!

JESSE  
Excellent! Sometimes with amnesia,  
just holding on to the smallest bit  
of data can be troublesome.

Jesse begins to prepare breakfast. He gets out the pan, a bowl for scrambled eggs...

JILLIAN  
I don't like...clothes.

Jesse smiles as he turns on the heat under the pan.

JESSE  
They look good on you...much better  
than on me, I can tell you that.

Jillian smiles but then cringes as the bacon hits the pan. She looks visibly upset, almost in horror, at the bacon.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
What's the matter?

JILLIAN  
Doesn't...that hurt?! It hurt!

Jillian breaks down in tears.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)  
Oh, God...it hurt, it hurt...

JESSE  
What hurt? Your head? What?

Jillian weeps, her face in her hands...she struggles to speak.

JILLIAN  
It...hurt...the pig!!!!

Jesse motions to Scarecrow with his eyes as he tries to comfort Jillian.

Scarecrow picks up the sizzling pan and heads for the back door.

EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE

With apparent sadness, Scarecrow tosses the bacon into the backyard, where it is hastily devoured by Trixie.

INT. JESSE'S KITCHEN

Jillian has calmed down and drinks some orange juice.

Jesse prepares some pancake mix.

JILLIAN  
I'm ...sorry.

JESSE  
Understandable. You might be vegan. Seeing that triggered that reaction in your memory. It's all still there, like data on a hard drive. It's just a matter of relearning how to access it.

Jillian stands and pushes Jesse aside.

JILLIAN  
I...can do...

She shuts her eyes and goes through the motions of making pancakes...

Jesse reaches into a drawer and pulls out a pencil and piece of paper.

He hands her the pen.

JESSE  
Quick! Without thinking, sign your name.

JILLIAN  
What?

JESSE  
Your brain is getting in the way...stop thinking about it!

JILLIAN  
But...I don-

JESSE  
Let go.

Reluctantly, Jillian scribbles something that looks like her Jillian McIntyre signature would look like- loose and barely intelligible.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
Let's see. I can see a J...Your first name begins with a J and maybe an N or M for your last...

JILLIAN  
Let me...try...

Jillian grabs the pen and begins to draw with intense purpose and accuracy...

Jesse and Scarecrow watch on in amazement.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)  
I...feel like this...really, really important...

She hands the paper to Jesse...His jaw nearly hits the floor.

It's a graphical representation of the synthesis of interactions of the PIA 35 vaccine, broken down into it's molecular structure.

SCARECROW  
(softly to Jesse)  
What is it?

Jesse shakes his head and places it on the refrigerator with a magnet.

JESSE  
Serious business...Confirms what we suspected though...

Jillian looks up and smiles.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
Does the name Jillian McIntyre ring a bell?

Jillian pauses for a moment.

JILLIAN  
Kinda...is that me?

JESSE  
I think so. The paper mentions a Jillian that may have been ...involved... with that explosion.

JILLIAN  
I...didn't blow up anything.

JESSE  
Someone did...Buildings don't just explode on their own...

SCARECROW  
You gonna tell 'er?

Jesse shakes his head.

JILLIAN  
Tell me what?

JESSE  
Never mind. Just focus on getting better and don't worry about anything else, alright? And here.

Jesse reaches into a drawer and pulls out an old medic alert necklace.

JILLIAN  
What's this.

JESSE  
My contact information...In case  
you get confused, you'll know how  
to find me.

Jillian nods in agreement and puts the chain around her long  
and supple neck.

EXT. TOM'S MANSION - DAY

Lush, manicured bushes surround a wrought iron automatic  
gate.

Ulrich's silver convertible pulls up.

GALEN PARKS, an armed gaurd, greets him at the gate.

GALEN  
Morning, Mr. Eldrich! Ready for the  
big banquet tonight?

Ulrich smiles as the gate opens.

ULRICH  
Danke...

EXT. TOM'S MANSION DRIVEWAY

The car winds up a hilly road, meticulously pruned as if done  
with a pair of scissors.

EXT. TOM'S MANSION FRONT

A VALET takes the keys as Ulrich pulls up in front of the  
house. He's dressed casually, but carries a garment bag and  
an overnight suitcase.

VALET  
Nice to see you, sir.

ULRICH  
Be gentle with her...

Ulrich steps out of the car as the young man sits in the  
cockpit and smiles.

EXT. TOM'S MANSION BACKYARD

Preparations are underway for a massive barbecue.

CREWS are setting up tables and designers fret over perceived imperfections in the flower arrangements.

Tom, who talks with a DESIGNER, could care less.

DESIGNER

I told them specifically, Mr. Lockwood. I don't know what language lavender translates into heather, but evidently...

Tom sees Ulrich coming up the path.

TOM

Fine...All flowers are nice.

Tom stands in front of Ulrich.

TOM (CONT'D)

You son of a bitch! You mind telling me why the building went off two hours ahead of schedule!

ULRICH

Nice to see you too.

TOM

You know...Jillian was in the building!

Ulrich steps back.

ULRICH

Oh no. You tell me truth?

Tom nods, his eyes on fire.

ULRICH (CONT'D)

Are you sure?

Tom shows a photo taken from the surveillance camera, a grainy, black and white still of Jillian talking to Scarecrow.

TOM

I want to find this guy. See what he knows...

A flash of recognition runs across Ulrich's face.

ULRICH

Did you send me the jpeg?

Tom nods.

Ulrich turns on his smart phone as Tom walks away.

ULRICH (CONT'D)

And Tom?

Tom stops and looks back.

ULRICH (CONT'D)

I'm deeply, deeply sorry. She meant  
alot to all of us...

TOM

Yeah...(Bitterly)  
All the more for us...right?

Ulrich matches Tom's icy glare with one of his own.

EXT. TOM'S CLASSIC CAR GARAGE - DAY

Cobalt, dressed in greasy mechanics coveralls, works under  
the hood of a classic muscle car.

Talon, also in blue coveralls, walks over to Cobalt with his  
cell phone. He shows the photo of Jillian and Scarecrow.

Cobalt nods.

He wipes his hands off on a shop rag and gently closes the  
hood.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Scarecrow leaves a convenience store. He rides an old, rusty  
bicycle with a wire basket fastened to the front.

He tosses the bag in the basket and rolls off.

INT. TALON'S CAR - DAY

Talon smokes a cigarette as he cruises along the city  
streets.

Cobalt stares out the window, his cell phone with Scarecrow's  
photo in his hand.

Talon spots Scarecrow on his bicycle as he rides in the  
opposite direction.

COBALT

'at's him.

He tosses the cigarette out the window and follows him.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

The sports car does a 180 turn, despite the threat of any on coming traffic.

Damning horns blare as the car flies down the street.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Scarecrow looks behind him. He spots the fancy sports car.

It's coming up on his fast.

Scarecrow rides on the sidewalk. PEDESTRIANS do what they can to get out of his way.

Most are successful.

Cobalt fires a shot. It misses Scarecrow, but destToms the glass window of a pawn shop.

EXT. VACANT LOT - DAY

Past a block of stores, there is a vacant lot, covered with ragweed, abandoned shopping carts and other junk.

Scarecrow veers a hard right into the lot.

The car follows.

Cobalt steadies his aim and fires one shot.

Scarecrow is hit in the shoulder, which appears to explode on impact and falls to the ground.

The car skids to a stop, inches from his head.

Scarecrow cowers as the men approach him.

SCARECROW

Christ! I...ain' said nothin! I swear! I din' see nothin'!

Cobalt takes the phone out of his pocket. It's a picture of Him and Jill talking outside of Lockwood and Day.

Cobalt reaches down and puts his fingers in the bullet wound, lifting Scarecrow to his feet.

Scarecrow screams in pain.

SCARECROW (CONT'D)  
Arghhhhhhh!

COBALT  
You seen the girl?

Scarecrow looks downward. Cobalt kicks him hard in the stomach.

Scarecrow coughs up blood. He nods.

Cobalt squeezes the tissue so blood squirts between his fingers. Again, Scarecrow cries out...

SCARECROW  
Aghhhhh...Alrigh, I..tell you.

Cobalt loosens his grip slightly but puts the gun to his temple.

SCARECROW (CONT'D)  
She's at...friend...Sunshine, theys  
call 'em...

Scarecrow nods and coughs up blood onto Cobalt's shoes.

Sirens blare in the distance, gradually sounding closer.

Talon opens the trunk and motions to Cobalt.

Scarecrow turns pale and speaks weakly between coughs.

SCARECROW (CONT'D)  
No...I'm beggin'...

With one hand, Cobalt tosses Scarecrow in the trunk and slams it closed.

Scarecrow pounds on the metal from inside the car.

The big man looks at his bloody shoes in disgust.

He leaps in the car as Talon speeds off.

Tires send a shower of gravel over the rusty bicycle.

INT. A CHAIN SANDWICH SHOP - DAY

Jillian sits alone at a table as she sips a drink.

Jesse arrives with a tray of subs and chips.

JESSE

I got you a vegetarian delight,  
extra pickles and no hot peppers.

JILLIAN

How do you know I don't like  
peppers?

JESSE

I didn't. Just guessed you weren't  
a hot pepper kind of girl.

Jesse unwraps his sub.

JILLIAN

What kind of girl do you think I  
am?

Jesse smiles. The light from the window brightens Jillian's  
long brown hair.

JESSE

I think...you are extremely smart.  
Probably an over achiever through  
out your educational career. You  
didn't date much, as you spent so  
much extra time on your studies.  
Maybe had a boyfriend for family  
occasions, but emotionally distant.

Jillian laughs.

JILLIAN

If I'm so smart, why can't I  
remember anything.

JESSE

You do remember. Your speech is  
much clearer than it was and your  
eyes...well, your eyes look  
brilliant.

Jillian blushes and smiles as she takes a sip of her drink.

JILLIAN

I bet you say that to all your  
retrograde amnesia patients...

JESSE

I do.

JILLIAN

What about you? Did you keep your sweetheart in a closet for special occasions?

Jesse laughs and adds salt to his sandwich.

JESSE

No...She was always front and center-in the middle of everything. I would have liked her in the closet...

JILLIAN

Where is she now? Did you split up?

Jesse nods.

JESSE

Yeah. Her whole life was built around being married to a Jessetor. So, when I lost my liscense to practice...legally, I lost everything. The house, the car, the horses...even that damn monkey head carved out of a coconut-not that I liked it that much anyway.

JILLIAN

Think I'd be glad to get rid of that...

Jesse smiles and reaches for a napkin.

Jillian has the same idea, and for a moment, thier hands touch.

Jesse quickly recoils. Jillian smiles.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)

Why did you loose your liscence? Where you makin' out with your female patients?

JESSE

Drugs. Christ, I was like a kid in the candy store...Nearly wound up dead a few times...decided to clean up and well...do what it is I do.

JILLIAN

Which is...

JESSE

Eat a sandwich with a pretty cool chick who happened to wind up on my doorstep...

Jillian laughs and sighs.

A alternative rock ringtone from Jesse's phone breaks the awkward moment.

JESSE (CONT'D)

Scuze me. Hello? No. Haven't seen him around-not since yesterday, anyway...I'll let him know you were looking for him.

JILLIAN

What happened?

Jesse adds a pack of mayonaisse his sandwich.

JESSE

A friend. Checking up on Scarecrow.

JILLIAN

The old man who helped me? Why?

Jesse frowns and shakes his head.

JESSE

He had a bad habit of...disappearing for a while...usually while persuing things that he knows ought not to persued. Then again, I'm only six months sober, so I have no room to judge anybody.

JILLIAN

I admire that. I mean, I wish that you didn't have to suffer through it, but...whatever doesn't kill you makes you stronger...

Jesse can't help but smile.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)

What?

JESSE

That phrase...the way you said it, like you've used it a thousand times. See? It's in there.

JILLIAN  
My dear lost memories...

Jesse nods and smiles broadly as he takes a chomp out of his sandwich.

EXT. ULRICH'S MANSION PATIO - AFTERNOON

The evening party has already gotten started.

Ulrich chats with DAPHNE, a gorgeous twenty one year old in a slinky red dress, who bops along with the DJ's music.

Bethany talks with YOUSEF (late 20's) and JEAN-PAUL, (30's) and JABARI (30's) all who appear to have walked straight out of a men's fashion magazine.

A group of young ladies, CHLOE (punky up-do), TRISH (a cute blonde) and APRIL (dazzling redhead) , all twenties and dressed to impress, laugh around the punch bowl as SERVANTS keep the drinks flowing.

A dozen or so FANCY DRESSED PARTY GOERS mill about the grounds.

Chloe makes eyes at Jean-Paul, who responds accordingly.

JEAN-PAUL  
Please, excuse me, Miss Be-tan-nee.

Beth smiles.

BETHANY  
Not to worry. I got two boys to spare. Want more drinks, fellas?

The boys laugh as she walks towards the bar. Jabari looks at his very expensive looking watch.

JABARI?  
(softly to Yousef)  
How much longer on this gig, man?

YOUSEF  
Hang in there, dude. Just remember.  
Ten big ones.

JABARI  
It's that big one I'm worried about.

Bethany, in a bright, multi colored sun-dress, sashays back towards her boys, drinks in hand.

BETHANY  
 Drink up, boys. Plenty more where  
 that came from.

Trish approaches and puts her hand on Bethany's shoulder.

Bethany snaps back like a knife was just plunged into her back.

TRISH  
 Oh...I'm sorry, Miss Day.  
 I just wanted to express my  
 condolences...for...you know.

BETHANY  
 For what?

TRISH  
 You know...what happened to Jill.

Bethany cuts her off.

BETHANY  
 You are a guest here at this party.  
 I respectfully ask you to not  
 mention that name of that vicious  
 little slut in my presence. Is that  
 understood, or do I need to  
 translate it to blonde?

Trish appears deeply embarrassed.

TRISH  
 Very sorry to have disturbed you,  
 Miss Day.

Bethany snarls something under her breath and swallows her boat drink in a single gulp.

EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE BACKYARD - NIGHT

Jesse and Jillian enter the yard. The gate is open.

JESSE  
 Damn it!

Jesse whistles for Trixie.

JILLIAN  
 Something wrong?

JESSE  
Somebody left the gate open...

JILLIAN  
Does she know her way back?

JESSE  
Oh yeah...She likes to strut her  
stuff every now and then. Makes her  
feel like she still got it, even  
though she doesn't.

They walk towards the kitchen door. It's slightly opened.

INT. JESSE'S KITCHEN

The screen door opens quietly. A figure is slumped over on  
the kitchen table.

It's Scarecrow. Very dead. Jillian screams

JILLIAN  
Oh, no..AAIIII!

Jesse runs to the drawer and picks up some rubber gloves.

He reaches around his head, as if to check for a pulse.

Cobalt appears and grabs Jillian from behind. She gets an  
elbow in his chest before he plants the gun in her temple.

COBALT  
Your friend here saw somethin' he  
shouldn't have...An' unless you  
wanna wind up the same way...

JESSE  
Let her alone!

COBALT  
Looks like we got what we came  
for...

Behind Jillian and Cobalt, Talon aims a gun at Jesse.

EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE BACKYARD - NIGHT

Jillian shifts her wieght and tries to break out of Cobalt's  
grasp. Nothing doing.

She kicks backward, slamming his knee cap with her heel.

COBALT

Ow! Damn, Girl! Talon! Grab them feet!

Talon moves backward while he tries to maintain a bead on Jesse.

Talon bolts and tries to grab Jillian's feet.

She catches his chin as she kicks upward. Blood squirts from his splattered lip.

A bullet flies by Cobalt's head and hits the dirt behind him as Jesse stands in the doorway, with his own Glock.

The muscles and sinews of Cobalt's arm tighten around Jillian's throat as they struggle towards the car.!

A bullet appears to skim past Cobalt's arm and leaves a trail of blood and tissue.

Furious, Cobalt shifts Jillian into one arm and fires a few shots off towards Jesse...

They throw Jillian into the back seat as Jesse pursues on foot.

The sports car flies into action and speeds out of the neighborhood!

INT. JESSE'S KITCHEN

Jesse enters. He steps over Scarecrow's leg to open the fridge.

He gets himself a beer and sits at the table.

He pops it open and takes a big gulp.

Through the bottle, his eye catches the drawing that Jillian did. He stands up and removes the sketch.

He sighs. He opens a drawer to find a cheap cell phone.

On the back, there's a twelve step medallion taped to it. He dials the phone.

JESSE

Hey, Brian? Jesse...Yeah, I got one over here...and...Long story. You know how it goes. Thanks, man...Money'll be in the usual spot...and...

Jesse sits silently for a moment as he looks at a metal sobriety coin.

JESSE (CONT'D)

T-there's something else I need to talk about...I've been clean three months, fourteen days and three hours...

EXT. TOM'S MANSION BACKYARD - NIGHT

A CHEF broils the biggest, most delicious steak the world has ever seen on a built-in barbecue pit.

Other steaks also sizzle, but that one is kept separate and receives special attention from the chef.

Two fish are also grilled, along with vegetables and chicken.

Tom taps his glass like he was at a wedding reception.

The crowd quiets.

TOM

Excuse me. Chef Andre has just informed me that dinner will be served in just a few minutes. If you would be so kind as to take your seats, our excellent staff will be tending to you shortly.

Tom walks casually up to the chef, who is busily plating.

TOM (CONT'D)

We are good to go, right?

CHEF

Oui, monsieur.

He points to the plate with the large steak, garnished perfectly with a sprig of rosemary.

Tom pats the chef on the shoulder.

TOM

Good man. Looks wonderful-truly fabulous.

EXT. BANQUET TABLE - NIGHT

The guests are seated at a very fancy banquet table, complete with the mermaid ice sculpture.

The servants bring water, wine and food.

Tom stands at the end of the table, with Ulrich to his left, Bethany to his right.

TOM  
Excuse me. People...

The crowd quiets.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Thank you. I promised I would keep this short and sweet. So I will. Our product works. Yield in quality and quantity has been significantly improved over our competition. Customers all over the world are thrilled.

The crowd cheers loudly.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Currently, we have a backlog of orders stretching out six months ahead. Ladies and Gentlemen, to put it simply, the future is so bright...

Tom takes a pair of sunglasses out of his jacket and puts them on.

The crowd responds in kind:

CROWD  
We gotta wear shades!

The servants, as if in a choreographed procession, bring the food out to the jubilant guests.

The Chef brings Bethany's plate, the massive steak.

Ulrich and Tom look at each other as she admires the meat.

Tom is served grilled vegetables, Ulrich, the fish.

Bethany tears into the steak like an NFL linebacker towards a rookie quarterback.

She savors the first bite of charbroiled bliss.

CHEF  
Prepared to your liking, madamoiselle?

BETHANY

Oh, Andre! It's why I got involved  
in agriculture to begin with.  
Absolutely perfect! Best I have  
ever tasted!

CHEF

You are too kind, madam.

Tom and Ulrich smile.

Bethany takes a small piece on her fork and puts it on Tom's  
plate.

Tom reacts like it was a maggot-ridden slug.

BETHANY

Oh, Tom. You HAVE to try this!

TOM

No, thank you.

Ulrich whispers across the table.

ULRICH

You may have forgotten that our  
business partner here is a...  
vegetarian.

Bethany reaches back over with her fork, and again stabs the  
small piece of meat.

She offers it to Ulrich, who shakes his head as he cuts into  
the grilled fish with the side of his fork.

Bethany shrugs.

BETHANY

Well, then. All the more for me...

Tom nods, as if he appreciates the irony.

EXT. Tom'S MANSION FRONT GATE - NIGHT

Talon pulls up. His face is bruised.

Galen peeks in the backseat.

Jillian sits next to Cobalt, who has his arm wrapped around  
her like his high school sweetheart.

GALEN

Evenin' sirs...ma'am.

The gate opens and the car speeds through.

EXT. TOM'S MANSION DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

The car turns left, away from the main mansion towards the stables, which has been converted into a classic car garage.

EXT. TOM'S CLASSIC CAR GARAGE - NIGHT

Cobalt opens the backseat and drags Jillian into the garage.

JILLIAN  
Will you let go of me! I DON'T want  
to be here! Please!

INT. TOM'S CLASSIC CAR GARAGE

To the side, there is small, windowless room filled with engine parts and production manuals.

Talon's work uniform hangs on a hook beside a utility sink.

The mirror shows his clothes are filthy, torn and stained with blood.

He grabs the coveralls, opens the door with a vintage Playboy pin-up on it, and steps inside.

INT. TOM'S CLASSIC CAR GARAGE STORAGE ROOM

With a heave, Cobalt tosses the woman onto a wooden chair.

Cobalt sighs and wipes his brow on his sleeve, which leaves a mixture of sweat and blood.

The big man locks the door from the inside and, like a bouncer, stands with his arms folded.

Jillian sighs and simply slumps into the chair.

JILLIAN  
You mind telling me who you work  
for or do you just do this for fun.

Cobalt's mouth contorts into a thin smile.

COBALT  
I work for...you.

Jillian is stunned.

EXT. TOM'S MANSION BACKYARD

The GUESTS drink, dance and play pool basketball as the DJ keeps the bass thumpin'.

Mr. Frost dances with April. He's surprisingly good on his feet for a government tool.

Talon approaches, dressed in his mechanic's jumpsuit.

Ulrich chats up Jabari, who listens politely to his story.

ULRICH

So, I told him, in no uncertain terms, that his "services" would no longer...

Talon taps Ulrich on the shoulder. He turns.

The tattooed man points toward the garage.

ULRICH (CONT'D)

Excuse me...Pleasure meeting you...

Jibari smiles and limply shakes his hand.

JIBARI

Likewise. I am sure.

They walk towards the garage. Ulrich turns and motions for Tom to follow.

By the pool, Tom hands Chloe another drink. She giggles.

Tom turns up his palms, as if saying "what."

Ulrich motions again, this time more sternly.

Chloe points at Talon and Ulrich as they walk away. She sounds sashed out of her mind as she cracks herself up.

CHLOE

Mishter Ulrich's gonna gesh some...

TOM

I'll be right back.

Chloe strokes her dress provocatively.

CHLOE

Hmmm...I think you gonna gesh some too...

Tom follows the other two as they walk down the hill...

INT. TOM'S CLASSIC CAR GARAGE STORAGE ROOM

Jillian strikes a seductive pose.

JILLIAN  
Y'know...I'm a little...hot. Do you  
mind if I...

She removes her shirt and adjusts her bra. Jesse's necklace falls in between her breasts.

On her left side, she has an unusual tattoo: like a knife slashed her skin, leaving behind dripping green blood.

Cobalt tries to hide a smile...Not working.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)  
A lot of girls would LOVE to be in  
this position...held captive in  
some forgotten place with a big,  
powerful man standing guard...

Jillian gets up and puts her arms around his neck and kisses it gently.

His arms soften and wrap gently around her waist.

Her kisses become more and more passionate...

She grabs his neck, forces his head downward for a fierce meeting with her knee.

Stunned, Cobalt releases his grip and Jillian gets an open shot at his groin.

Cobalt's eyes bug out like he was in a Tex Avery cartoon.

Jillian smiles as Cobalt writhes on the floor in a fetal position. She grabs her shirt and opens the door.

INT. TOM'S CLASSIC CAR GARAGE

Jillian spots a blue, 1967 Pontiac GTO, the last in the line of 4 muscle cars Tom has stored in there.

She slinks around towards back side of the car.

Her face twists like she has a sudden migraine.

JILLIAN  
I...I think I know this!

She shuts her eyes and slides her hand under the fender.

In a moment, she pulls off a magnetic key holder.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)

Very cool...

She's about to unlock the door when...

Ulrich and Talon arrive and turn on the lights.

Talon grabs a rake.

Cobalt emerges from the storage room, his eyes bloody and swollen from Jillian's whoopin'.

Jillian ducks behind the Pontiac and slips the key in her pocket.

She pulls a massive wrench from the rack and grips it like a baseball bat.

Talon, unarmed, moves in her direction.

She finds a bolt on the floor and tosses it towards Ulrich.

Ulrich turns and shouts:

ULRICH

There!

Tom runs in...

TOM

What the hell are you doing near my cars?!

Ulrich and Talon freeze and walk towards Tom.

ULRICH

It appears, mien freund, We have a special guest...

TOM

What are you talking about?!

Tom takes a look at Cobalt and smiles...

TOM (CONT'D)

Looks like Jillian's work.

With defiant eyes, Jillian steps out from behind the car.

JILLIAN

It was.



JILLIAN  
So...you know me, too?

Tom nods.

TOM  
Your name is Jillian Marie  
McIntyre. The Marie is from your  
father's mother and the Jill is  
because your father had a thing for  
Ann Jillian, back in the day.

Jillian relaxes and sits down beside him.

TOM (CONT'D)  
You were born in Buffalo, but your  
parents didn't like the snow so  
they moved down to St. Pete when  
you were seven.

JILLIAN  
Where...are my parents now?

TOM  
Your mom still lives in town, but  
you had a massive falling out a few  
years ago...

JILLIAN  
Why?

Tom stands up and puts the wrench back on the rack.

TOM  
Me. Your mother did not like the  
idea of you going with an older  
guy. In addition, you disapproved  
of some of her lifestyle choices.

JILLIAN  
Like what?

TOM  
Drugs, mainly. She was a heavy  
user, but has been clean for a  
while now.

JILLIAN  
I see. So...this is so confusing.

TOM  
I understand...You should get to  
bed.

(MORE)

TOM (CONT'D)

Get some rest and we'll get Doctor Levinberg to check you out in the morning...

Jillian looks perplexed as Tom turns towards the door.

JILLIAN

One more question...Just where am I?

Tom smiles.

TOM

Home.

Jillian shakes her head and follows after Tom.

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tom opens the door for Jillian.

TOM

I apologize for our friends behavior. Clearly unacceptable. Had I even suspected...

It is a very nicely appointed bedroom. Top of the line everything.

JILLIAN

Is this...our room?

Tom nods.

TOM

Pretty much. You still keep an apartment downtown, although I don't know why.

JILLIAN

Keeping up appearances for my mother, I'd suppose.

Tom shakes his head as he enters the bathroom. Jill watches as she sits on the bed.

TOM

No. Mainly because you are stubbornly non-committal...Your clothes are in that closet...Towels, bathrobes, toothbrush...all over there.

Tom pulls a bottle of medication out the cabinet and tosses it to her.

She catches it and looks at the label. Her name is on it.

JILLIAN  
What is it?

TOM  
Anti-depressant, I think. You  
always take one right before bed.

JILLIAN  
Alright. If you'll excuse me...I'm  
gonna take a shower...

Jillian walks towards the bathroom as Tom steps out.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)  
This is really nice of you...but, I  
don't think we...

Tom stops her and smiles.

TOM  
Oh, no. Of course not. We have  
eight bedrooms...I'll keep my  
distance until, you know...unless,  
you...

Jillian is about to close the door.

TOM (CONT'D)  
OK...Well...I still have some  
guests out in the yard...I'll see  
you in the morning?

JILLIAN  
Thank you.

Jillian smiles and closes the door.

Tom waits and appears to listen for the door to lock.

Carefully, with an eye towards the bathroom, he walks over to the nightstand.

The top of the nightstand has a framed photo of he and Jillian, both holding skis in front of a beautiful, snow covered mountain.

He opens the top drawer, pulls out a large caliber handgun and puts in his belt.

INT. JESSE'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM

The desk by the window is covered with notes and open medical books, the only light provided is from the glare of Jesse's computer monitor.

Jillian's drawing is taped to the window and appears as a scanned jpeg on the screen.

Jesse takes down the drawing and looks at it again.

JESSE

What am I missing here?

Frustrated, he slams a book shut and rubs his eyes.

INT. TOM'S MANSION HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bethany staggers out of one of the doors that line the long hallway. Her eyes are blood red.

Decorative vases sit on softly lighted pedestals.

As if losing her balance, Bethany knocks one of these to the floor. It shatters as both Bethany and the vase strike the wooden floor.

Tom, dressed in a white bathrobe, pops out of the door to a second bedroom. He looks at his watch and nods.

Ulrich, shirtless but with pants, enters from another room, followed by Chef, also somewhat undressed.

ULRICH

Was she exposed?

Chef, Tom and Ulrich do what they can to get Bethany to sit up. She begins to cough up blood.

TOM

Well...it's out there and is only going to get worse. You got the stuff?

ULRICH

Pre-production, but perfectly viable...

Ulrich steps into his room for a moment, then reappears with a vicious looking syringe.

Dull grey liquid, like syrup, drips from a metallic needle.

He swiftly stabs the hefty woman in the thigh. She doesn't respond...

TOM

How long?

ULRICH

Two hours...Maybe two and a half at the most.

Ulrich and Chef disappear back into thier room.

Tom tries the door to Jillian's room. Locked.

He sighs.

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM

Jillian wakes up and gasps, her white night shirt stained from perspiration.

Her hands tremble as she moves the sheets away from her legs.

INT. TOM'S BATHROOM

The digital clock reads 3:25 am. She splashes some water on her face and dries it of with a fluffy towel.

She opens the medicine cabinet and takes out a square, plastic bottle of ibuprofin.

There is no cup near the sink.

INT. TOM'S BEDROOM

Still half asleep, she wanders towards the door and unlocks it.

INT. TOM'S MANSION HALLWAY

Jillian walks towards the stairs when she notices Bethany's body sprawled out in the hallway, face to the wall.

She shakes her head quickly, like she is not sure what she sees.

Carefully, Jillian walks over.

JILLIAN  
B...Beth? Is that...You?

Beth's legs peek out from under the bathrobe, covered with blood.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)  
Holy...

Jillian grasps Beth's shoulder and pulls her body towards her. She almost screams and vomits at the same time, but doesn't. Beth's bloody, contorted face and lifeless eyes seem to stare at Jillian, like somehow, this was all her fault.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)  
Oh...Oh my God...

Jillian stumbles back in shock and hits one of the vases.

Like Jerry Rice, she leans over and grabs it before it shatters on the ground.

She dashes back to her room, shuts the door and turns the lock.

She tries to catch her breath. Nothing doing.

Quickly, she pulls on yesterday's pants and shoes, then runs towards the window.

It's unlocked. A good thing.

She opens the window and climbs outside.

EXT. TOM'S MANSION FRONT - NIGHT

Jillian sneaks along the perimeter of the roof.

Trying her best to be silent, her shoes scrape gravel off the shingles.

It's not much, but enough to cause a gasp from Jillian.

A dim light shines from the open window.

Inside, Ulrich, back to the window, types vigorously into his lap top.

She peeks into the window...He has the alternative formula up on the screen...

Jillian seems confused.

JILLIAN  
(To herself) That's not  
right...What is he doing?

Ulrich turns and looks towards the window.

Jillian carefully avoids his view as he draws the curtains closed.

She exhales slowly as she moves past the window along the roof line.

Finally, she reaches the main entrance and shimmys down the column.

Once on the ground, she races towards the garage.

EXT. TOM'S CLASSIC CAR GARAGE

Lights flash as the GTO turns on. The engine roars to life and the car rockets out of the garage.

INT. JESSE'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM

Jesse has fallen asleep on an open medical book.

He stirs as he hears a pounding on his back door.

JESSE  
I'm comin...

INT. JESSE'S KITCHEN

The frantic knocks persist.

JESSE  
Hold yer horses...

He opens the door...for Jillian.

JILLIAN  
Hey, Jesse...

JESSE  
Oh...my!

Jillian enters and greets Jesse with a long and desperate hug.

JILLIAN  
It is so good to see you...

JESSE  
Yeah...How did you find me?

JILLIAN  
I...

Jillain can't help but smile through her tears.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)  
...remembered!

JESSE  
Excellent. It's starting to come  
back.

JILLIAN  
I know...and I'm scared...

Jillian stares into Jesse's eyes.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)  
And all I could think about the  
whole time...

Jesse strokes Jillian's damp and tangled hair.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)  
Was how I could get back to you.

The two melt into a passionate kiss.

EXT. TOM'S CLASSIC CAR GARAGE - MORNING

Galen stands out side of the garage and scratches his head.  
He waves at Talon, who drives by in the familiar white van.

INT. TOM'S MANSION KITCHEN

Chef prepares breakfast for four places at the table.

Tom reads the St. Pete Times. The headline reads "CDC URGES  
CALM AGAINST MYSTERY FLU." In smaller type, it reads  
"Seventeen sick, two dead in Pinellas County."

Ulrich walks towards the table and sits down next to Tom.

Ulrichs hands tremble and his voice shakes.

ULRICH  
Where...is Beth?

Tom doesn't flinch.

TOM  
Your man Talon took her on a  
midnight swim.

Ulrich frowns.

ULRICH  
Why?

TOM  
She bled out.

ULRICH  
That's not possible- the medication  
was administered well with in the  
established parameters...

TOM  
Perhaps she was a genetic anomaly.  
We suspected that during the tests.

Ulrich nods.

ULRICH  
Still...Would have liked to have a  
sample to verify.

Tom hands him a vial of blood from his suit pocket.

TOM  
Figured as much. Ask and ye shall  
receive...

Ulrich accepts the capped tube, twirls the liquid inside and  
holds it up to the light.

ULRICH  
Interesting.

Tom shakes his head, folds up the newspaper and stands up.

TOM  
Time to wake up our sleeping  
beauty.

ULRICH  
Don't bother. She's gone.

TOM

Where?

Ulrich shrugs.

ULRICH

She snuck out sometime last night.  
Took the G.T.O.

Tom slams his fist against the table.

TOM

God damn! Why does that woman have  
to be so difficult?

Ulrich smiles.

ULRICH

She's your pet, mien friend, not  
mine.

TOM

No matter. I have GPS on that  
car...but I don't have time to deal  
with it right now.

ULRICH

The meeting with our Congressman,  
yes?

Tom nods.

TOM

Time for him to save the day...and  
collect a million dollars as a down  
payment on the cure for this...

Tom taps the headline of the newspaper.

TOM (CONT'D)

"Mystery Flu."

As Tom exits, Ulrich frowns as he again stares at the blood  
in the vial.

INT. JESSE'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM

Jesse leans over Jillian's shoulder as she works on a DNA-  
Type animation on Jesse's laptop.

She wears one of his shirts and panties, he sits in boxers  
and a ribbed t-shirt.

The original drawing is now frayed and wrinkled.

JESSE  
I interpreted this...

He points to one of hundreds of moving, colored blobs on his screen.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
As a possible mechanism for the process.

JILLIAN  
No. It won't work that way, due to viscous nature of the bovine polypeptide...

JESSE  
Bovine? This has something to do with cattle?

Jillian nods but doesn't stop her train of thought.

JILLIAN  
...is GTCA squared against the TCPTA of the endonucleolis. It has to have this counter acted with a surfacting agent...See?

She hits a button, which causes the blobs to clump in a slightly different manner.

Jesse nods.

JESSE  
So...all this...

Jesse waves his arms over all the open text books and his computer screen.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
Is clear to you?

JILLIAN  
Of course. It's fundamental molecular biology.

Jesse smiles.

JESSE  
Seems the some of the clouds have been lifted.

Jillian nods.

JILLIAN  
Yeah. Just like at the mansion. I  
knew that woman's name...Beth. It  
was horrible, yet not unexpected.

JESSE  
Why would you say that? From what  
you described, it seems hardly  
routine.

Jillian shrugs her shoulder.

JILLIAN  
All I can say it was not  
unexpected...I don't know why.

A loud banging comes from the kitchen.

MRS. SANCHEZ (O.S.)  
Ayuda! Ayuda!

INT. JESSE'S KITCHEN

Jesse opens the door to find Mrs. Sanchez, covered with blood  
and her daughter, KIMMY, 9, in hysterical tears.

JESSE  
What happened?

They enter and sit down at the kitchen table. Mrs. Sanchez  
buried her face in her folded arms.

KIMMY  
Emilio...

Jillian, now dressed, comes and joins them at the table.

Jesse kneels down and hold's Kimmy's shoulders.

JESSE  
You have to calm down so I can help  
you...

MRS. SANCHEZ  
Emilio ha muerto! Muerto!

Jillian's eyes seem to glaze over.

JESSE  
How? Wha...Where is he?

KIMMY  
In...In his bed.

JESSE  
OK. You stay here with Miss  
Jillian.

Kimmy walks over to Jillian, as if to give her a hug.

Jillian has no idea what to do as the weeping child wraps her arms around her.

Slowly, she embraces the girl and pats her back.

Jesse grabs a duffle bag that is next to the door.

He and Mrs. Sanchez exit through the screen door.

It slams closed behind them.

KIMMY  
Why, Miss Jill? Why take Emilio?  
Why?

Jillian's eyes tear up as Kimmy continues to weep. She has nothing to say.

INT. EMILIO SANCHEZ'S ROOM

It's the room of any teenage boy. Posters of half-naked chicks on the walls. Car magazines all over the floor.

However, at this point, they are all covered with blood.

Jesse opens the door and nearly gags.

Emilio's body is covered with blood, sprawled out face down on the mattress. His skin has a greyish tint.

Sirens blare outside as flashing lights fill the room

Jesse pulls on some rubber gloves and carefully steps towards the body. He checks for a pulse. Nothing.

A knock on the door.

FIREMAN SAM (O.S.)  
Emergency!

JESSE  
Back bedroom!

Sam enters and frowns. He leaves his respirator on.

FIREMAN SAM  
Christ. Not another one.

He clicks on his shoulder radio.

FIREMAN SAM (CONT'D)  
Six to Seven Over.

DAVID (O.S.)  
This is seven.

FIREMAN SAM  
We got another one-juvenile  
male...about seventeen, hundred  
twenty pounds, Over.

DAVID (O.S.)  
Lock it down. I'll be right in.

Fireman Sam looks at Jesse.

FIREMAN SAM  
Anyone else in the house?

JESSE  
Mother and Sister are next door at  
my house. I...have some background  
in medicine.

FIREMAN SAM  
Ya'll are gonna have to stay  
inside. Quarantine.

Fireman Sam frowns and points towards Emilio.

JESSE  
...and if I refuse?

Detective David enters in a full on yellow HAZMAT Suit,  
followed by several other FIREMEN IN HAZMET suits.

They carry a large body bag covered in bio-hazard symbols.

DAVID  
You risk winding up like this poor  
kid...

One of the firemen brings a Haz Mat suit and hands it to  
Jesse. He puts it on.

David turns to the fireman.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
There's a woman and child next door  
that'll need to be checked out as  
well.

Jesse frowns as he pulls on the helmet.

DAVID (CONT'D)  
It's a twenty four hour  
observation. Maybe more. Public  
safety.

The Fireman lift Emilio into the bag. His skin folds like his  
insides are completely liquefied.

JESSE  
What, exactly, is this?

DAVID  
A major, major problem.

EXT. MERCY HOSPITAL - DAY

A Police car pulls up to the Emergency Room Entrance.

INT. HOSPITAL CONFERENCE ROOM

Kimmy sleeps on Mrs. Sanchez's lap as the older woman  
solemnly prays with her rosary beads.

Jillian flips through a fashion magazine while Jesse stands  
and stares out of the large window.

DR. NORWOOD, tall and handsome, late forties with thick grey  
hair and a wispy beard, just on the tip of his chin.

DR. NORWOOD  
Well. Look what the tide brought  
in...

He shakes Jesse's hand vigorously.

DR. NORWOOD (CONT'D)  
Jesse Thibideaux...Like a phantom,  
popping in and out of view...

JESSE  
It's good to see you, too, Doctor.

DR. NORWOOD  
Have you been...

JESSE  
Yes, sir. Three months, fifteen  
days.

Dr. Norwood pats Jesse on the shoulder.

DR. NORWOOD  
Excellent. Good to hear.

JESSE  
I'd be lying if I said it was  
easy...

DR. NORWOOD  
Nothing worth while ever is. Excuse  
me.

Dr. Norwood smiles and approaches Mrs. Sanchez and speaks softly to her in Spanish.

JILLIAN  
So...you know him?

JESSE  
He's the man that kicked me out of  
medicine...

JILLIAN  
Do you want me to beat him up?

Jesse looks at Jillian as if she is kidding. Jillian's serious expression suggests otherwise.

JESSE  
No. It was for my own good.

Jillian laughs, easing off the tension.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
No beating necessary.

Dr. Norwood stands and rips off a paper from his clipboard and hands it to Mrs. Sanchez.

DR. NORWOOD  
You are all free to go. But keep  
washing your hands, avoid  
crowds...you know the drill.

Mrs. Sanchez and Kimmy get up and walk towards the door.

They stop and hug Jesse on the way out and kiss him on the cheek.

Kimmy, a piece of yellow paper in her hands, runs over and gives Jillian a hug.

KIMMY  
Good bye, Miss Jill.

Jillian smiles.

JILLIAN  
Bye, Kimmy.

Jesse and Jillian prepare to leave.

Dr. Norward puts his hand on the door.

DR. NORWOOD  
You have not been cleared yet.

JILLIAN  
Excuse me? We came it at the same time!

DR. NORWOOD  
Not my call. Sorry.

JESSE  
Who's call is it?

Dr. Norwood leaves, but holds the door open for David, who is accompanied by a UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICER.

DAVID  
Mine. Have a seat, please.

David sits and opens his briefcase. He removes a manila file folder about a half an inch thick.

The officer stands guard at the door.

He takes out missing person report on Jillian and puts it on the table.

Jillian stands.

JILLIAN  
Am...I under arrest?

DAVID  
No. Not yet. Perhaps you can help enlighten me on this.

Jillian appears pale.

JILLIAN  
It's nothing...

David scribbles some notes on his clipboard.

DAVID  
We have evidence that you were at  
Lockwood and Day shortly before it  
exploded...

JILLIAN  
I...it wasn't me.

DAVID  
We have a fingerprint match from a  
shoplifting charge when you were  
fourteen...It was you.

JILLIAN  
Can you excuse me? I have to use  
the restroom...

David nods to the police officer, who holds her by her upper  
arm.

UNIFORMED OFFICER  
Let's go.

They exit.

INT. MERCY HOSPITAL HALLWAY

It's busy.

An elderly PATIENT walks with her walker. NURSES check  
charts.

VISITORS with balloons and flowers walk along with CHILDREN.

Jillian moves to the right of the balloon people.

The balloons block the view of the officer for just a  
second...

Enough for Jillian to break the grip.

She takes off, nearly knocking over an ORDERLY in the  
process.

The cop follows her, right on her tail.

She slides a gurney in his way, he knocks it over.

This action buys Jillian a valuable few seconds.

Jillian side steps the Patient with the walker.

The Patient turns around to see what happens.

The cop tumbles over the walker as he watches Jillian disappear from view.

She hits the elevators and presses the button repeatedly.

The elevator arrives just in time.

The doors slide open to reveal a PRIEST, dressed in casual blacks. She darts in.

INT. MERCY HOSPITAL ELEVATOR

Jillian breaks down in tears.

PRIEST

Excuse me young lady. Is there anything I can do to ease your burden?

Jillian struggles to regain her composure.

JILLIAN

Yes. Pray I can stop what I started...

The door opens and Jillian runs out into the lobby.

The Priest does the Sign of the Cross and closes his eyes.

EXT. JESSE'S HOUSE STREET

A Taxi pulls up in front of Jesse's house, with the GTO still parked on the street.

Jillian climbs out of the cab, hands the CAB DRIVER a twenty.

CAB DRIVER

Thank you, ma'am...wow.

Jillian approaches the GTO.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)

Wha' is that? Sixty five?

JILLIAN

I don't know. It's my brother's.

CAB DRIVER  
Nice. Take it easy!

The driver pulls off as Jillian climbs inside the car.

INT. JILLIAN'S GTO

She starts the engine and screams as she spots Cobalt in the rear view mirror.

COBALT  
Jillian.

JILLIAN  
Wh-what are you doing here?

COBALT  
Boss was concerned. Wanted to make sure you got home safe.

JILLIAN  
I can take care of myself, thank you. Now get out of my car.

Cobalt clicks a gun and pushes it in the back of her head.

COBALT  
I don' think so.

JILLIAN  
Then I have one suggestion...

Jillian snaps in her seatbelt.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)  
Buckle up.

Jillian slams on the gas.

The thrust from the monstrous engine throws Cobalt to the back seat.

EXT. CITY STREET

The GTO screams through the city.

It takes curves at insane speeds.

Narrowly misses a bus and truck coming from opposite directions.

INT. JILLIAN'S GTO

Each time it appears that Cobalt will get his hand on the gun, Jillian pulls the car in a different direction.

COBALT

You drive like a crazy bch!

Another sharp turn sends Cobalt and the gun flying in the back...

Cobalt hits his head on the ceiling. It leaves a sizeable dent, but, more importantly, knocks him out cold.

EXT. CITY STREET

The car pulls over to the curb, then stops.

INT. JILLIAN'S GTO

Jillian reaches into the backseat and picks up the gun.

She puts the gun in her purse and looks back at Cobalt.

JILLIAN

I told you to buckle up.

EXT. CITY STREET

The door opens and Jillian, with all her might, drags Cobalt out of the car. She leaves him on the sidewalk, next an old HOBO.

The hobo grumbles something unintelligible as he pulls his paper bagged bottle closer to his heart.

HOBO

Why'dja do it, sol'ja? Why'dja go  
an do tha', sol' ja?

Jillian climbs back in the car, closes the door and speeds off.

INT. MERCY HOSPITAL

Jesse and David still talk.

JESSE

...she literally dropped on my  
doorstep.

DAVID  
By Sylvester Hingham, right?

Jesse nods.

JESSE  
I was going to run her in...but she didn't seem to have anything more than a concussion and some retrograde amnesia...and Scarecrow was petrified for her safety.

DAVID  
Because of the Lockwood explosion.

JESSE  
Yeah. And he paid for that concern with his life.

David sits back and sighs.

DAVID  
She is a dangerous woman. You would be wise to avoid her...

JESSE  
Why?

David shakes his head.

DAVID  
It is something they are willing to kill for.

EXT. TOM'S MANSION FRONT GATE - NIGHT

Jillian uses a pass card to open the front gate.

INT. TOM'S MANSION

Armed with Cobalt's gun, Jillian walks down the hall.

INT. TOM'S MANSION HALLWAY

Empty. The spot where Bethany fell has been scrubbed, like nothing happened.

Jillian investigates.

She rubs her hand over the spot and sniffs.

She nods.

JILLIAN  
Have to use this on my car.

INT. TOM'S MANSION KITCHEN

No one there. Perfectly clean.

There is another door, in a small hallway just beyond the kitchen.

INT. SMALL HALLWAY

A metal cover over a keypad is flipped up.

Jillian closes her eyes tightly.

JILLIAN  
Think...You know this. Trust  
yourself...

She punches in a code. A red LED light turns green.

A confident smile crosses her face as she opens the door.

INT. TOM'S MANSION BASEMENT

It's a big space. A pool table, theater size television and a section dedicated to martial arts.

On the back wall there is a stainless steel lab table, like the kind found at the Lockwood & Day building.

Ulrich sits at this table with notes, graphs and data scattered about, including some print outs on the floor.

Talon practices kata with a bo staff.

ULRICH  
Cobalt. It's about time.

Jillian walks down the stairs, gun aimed at Talon.

JILLIAN  
He's dead.

Talon freezes.

ULRICH  
Why?

JILLIAN  
He got mixed up with the wrong  
people. Just like I did.

ULRICH  
Ah. Seems your memory has returned.

JILLIAN  
Mostly. Enough. Where is Tom?

ULRICH  
Getting ready for the press  
conference. Why do you ask?

JILLIAN  
Then there may still be time.

ULRICH  
My dear...Time has been up for  
several days...You have just failed  
to realize it...Just like Bethany  
did.

Jillian takes her focus off Talon for just a second.

Long enough for him to send a shuriken flying.

It embeds itself in Jillian's hand. She loses grip on the  
gun.

[Massive Exciting Kung Fu fight-Jillian is no stranger to  
martial arts either. She shows Talon a moment of mercy, which  
of course, he capitalizes on and leaves her beaten]

Jillian sits on the floor, trying to prop herself up with her  
arms.

Ulrich picks up the gun and points it at Jillian's head.

He's about to pull the trigger when, through her bloody lips,  
Jillian begins to smile.

ULRICH (CONT'D)  
Is something amusing you, fraulien?

JILLIAN  
Before you pull that trigger...you  
should know...

Talon places plastic sheets behind Jillian.

ULRICH  
I'm listening, child.

Jillian dabs blood from her lower lip with her wrist.

JILLIAN  
The formula doesn't work.

Ulrich's voice cracks and trembles.

ULRICH  
Wh-what?

JILLIAN  
It was never meant to. The formula  
you have is bogus. Tom...Had it  
replaced with an alternate...all  
the emails, all the back ups,  
everything. It's all fake.

The man is stunned and jams the gun barrel into her head.

ULRICH  
You lie!

Jillian takes a deep breath.

JILLIAN  
No. I wish I was...in someways,  
that would be easier. Simply put,  
To- We, played you like a fiddle.

Ulrich smacks Jillian hard, sending her head to the floor.

She breathes hard and coughs.

Slowly, Jillian lifts her shirt to reveal the tattoo on her  
left side.

She speaks as if reciting a creed. Tears roll down her  
cheeks.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)  
I will be a voice for the  
voiceless; I will speak for those  
who can not speak for themselves, I  
will offer my life of one if it  
will save the lives of  
thousands...I am forever a child of  
this earth...I..am bleeding green.

ULRICH  
I...I don't understand.

JILLIAN

The disease...a way to target the carnivores and make them pay for thier crimes against the earth...and make them pay dearly.

Ulrich grasps at his notes.

ULRICH

B-But the research! The testing...It was valid!

JILLIAN

It was...until I changed it.

Jillian tries to stand, and does so by leaning on a chair.

ULRICH

I have One point five million doses in pre-production!

Ulrich kicks the chair from Jillian's arms, sending her again to the floor.

ULRICH (CONT'D)

I spent over four point five million dollars, my company, my reputation. To manufacture a disease for profit is one thing; to not provide a way out? Barbaric! And for what? A lie?

JILLIAN

I am truly sorry.

Ulrich screams and kicks Jillian hard in the ribs.

ULRICH (CONT'D)

It's over.

He aims the gun, steadies his hand...whack!

A shuriken smashes into his hand, then a swift kick. The gun lands on the floor...Right next to Jillian.

Dazed and almost unconcious, Jillian holds the gun for just a second...Bang!

Ulrich falls backward onto the plastic sheet.

Talon grabs the guns from Jillian's hand and pulls her to her feet.

He throws her in the chair and wheels her to the work station. \He rips off a diagram of the medication off the wall and pushes it into her hands.

TALON  
You...FIX!!

Jillian nods.

JILLIAN  
I...don't...

TALON  
Fix!

JILLIAN  
Maybe...I'll need some  
supplies...run some tests.

Talon hands her a cell phone and growls.

TALON  
Fix!

INT. JESSE'S HOUSE LIVING ROOM

Jesse sits on the couch, strumming a guitar. His cell phone rings.

JESSE  
Hello

JILLIAN (O.S.)  
Hey...I'm sorry about...well, you  
know.

JESSE  
Are you alright?

JILLIAN (O.S.)  
No...not at all. Terrible danger  
actually.

JESSE  
What kind of terrible danger?

JILLIAN  
Can you bring some chemistry up to  
Clearwater?

JESSE  
Where? The mansion of death?

JILLIAN (O.S.)  
We are going to change that. Will  
you help?

Jesse is silent.

INT. TOM'S MANSION BASEMENT

Talon begins to clean up the mess as Jillian continues to talk on the phone.

JILLIAN  
I...I'm just asking you to try. I  
know I haven't been the picture of  
trust, hell, these past few days  
have been on monster roller coaster-  
but I think I know to woman I'm  
supposed to be now...and that woman  
wants desperately to be with you.

Jesse frowns and rubs his eyes. He sighs.

JESSE (O.S.)  
Alright. What do you need?

JILLIAN  
Have you got a pen?

SERIES OF SHOTS - JESSE AND JILLIAN WORK ON THE FORMULA

- A. Jesse holds up a test tube. Jillian frowns.
- B. Jillian spreads bacteria in a petri dish.
- C. Talon carefully measures colored liquid in vial.
- D. Jesse and Talon look on while Jillian stares into a microscope. She looks up, and shakes her head.
- E. Talon and Jesse nap while Jillian stares at a caged rabbit. She writes notes on a clip board.
- F. Jillian writes notes in front of a different rabbit.
- G. Talon holds the rabbit while Jillian stares into the microscope.

END SERIES OF SHOTS.

INT. Tom'S MANSION BASEMENT LAB

The rabbit hops around the table. He munches on a piece of lettuce.

Jesse examines a spreadsheet on the computer while Jillian flips through pages on a clipboard.

JILLIAN  
...it would have set in by now...

JESSE  
Are you sure?

Jillian nods.

JESSE (CONT'D)  
Then it works, then.

JILLIAN  
I wouldn't bet my life on it  
without further tests...however.

JESSE  
....It beats the cost of doing  
nothing.

JILLIAN  
It's done then...

Jesse gets up and let's Jillian sit down.

The main website for Eldrich Pharmacueticals comes up, all in German.

She taps a few buttons. What looks like a simple password windows opens up.

She types in a name and the password that had worked before.

It ex's out. Rejected. She tries again. Same result.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)  
Damn. He must have changed the  
code.

JESSE  
Are you sure you entered it right?  
Your memory...

JILLIAN  
No...I had that down.

JESSE

Wonderful.

Talon walks over and motions to Jillian..."I watched you."

He smiles and types in the passcode.

They are in.

INT. AN OFFICE CUBICLE - DAY

Manuals printed in German indicate that this OFFICE GUY works for Ulrich Pharmacueticals.

He's surfing porn sites when an urgent email symbols flashes.

Office guy casually switches windows and opens the email.

His eyes turn big as saucers.

OFFICE GUY

Mien Gott!

EXT. A FLORIDA CATTLE RANCH - DAY

A very nice mobile home parks next to a wooden fence.

WORKMEN busily assemble a small stage while cows graze peacefully behind it.

NEWS CREWS lay cables as a CAMERA MAN, JIM focuses on a WOMAN REPORTER.

WOMAN REPORTER

...So today, Congressman Ross is expected to announce a two fold attack on what is being called the "Yucatan Tick Disorder". The first offense being the development of a an effective treatment, the second...the eradication of the Yucatan Tick, believed to have been carried here as a result of illegal immagrations...Cut, it Jim.

Her cell phone rings. A DIRECTOR scolds off-screen.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

What? Does my star reporter need more comfortable shoes or did she not get laid last night? Either way, I can take care of it.

WOMAN REPORTER

This tick business is bullshit and you know it. How much is the beef lobby paying us to peddle this crap?

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Plenty...and you look fabulous doing it...Can I get a smile?

Woman reporter looks into the camera and scowls as she hangs up her phone.

EXT. CONGRESSMAN ROSS'S RV

Chef brings a tray of drinks into the RV.

INT. CONGRESSMAN ROSS'S RV

Tom sits next to Frost on a couch as Congressman Ross adjusts his tie in the mirror.

Frost looks through a bound book of papers.

FROST

...and this data is sound?

TOM

Soundish.

CONGRESSMAN ROSS

I can sell it. How's progress?

TOM

Excellent. One point five million vials expected to arrive just in the nick of time...at seventy four dollars a pop.

CONGRESSMAN ROSS

Good numbers.

FROST

Are you sure that Ulrich can deliver?

Tom nods as Ross frowns.

CONGRESSMAN ROSS

He'd better.

EXT. A FLORIDA CATTLE RANCH - AFTERNOON

The reporters, RV and stage are gone. A pick up truck rides past the fence.

Tom drives.

INT. TOM'S PICK UP

Tom drives towards the herd. On the passenger seat, there is a metal case.

He stops the truck and opens the case.

There are ten syringes, one is painted red.

He picks up the red one and prepares it for injection.

EXT. A FLORIDA CATTLE RANCH

Tom approaches a healthy looking young cow.

He checks him out, looks in his mouth and ears.

TOM

You're a solid fella, aren't you?

Tom holds up the syringe, taps out an air bubble...

Whoosh. Those Shurikens come in handy.

It shatters in his hand.

TOM (CONT'D)

Son of a...

He takes a gun out of his belt and looks around.

There is a figure that is hidden behind some trees.

He approaches but is hit by gunfire.

TOM (CONT'D)

Who's there? I got security that'll be on your asses in five seconds if you don't get off my property.

His cell phone rings.

JILLIAN (O.S.)

Our property. I own half this land!

TOM  
Jillian? What the hell are you  
doing here?

JILLIAN (O.S.)  
It's over, Tom...The whole thing.

Tom walks closer...

TOM  
What happened to the oath, Jillian?  
What happened to Bleeding  
green...or do you bleed red now as  
well?

JILLIAN (O.S.)  
Fanaticism begins and ends when  
people's choices are being made for  
them...

He spots something on the ground, in the bushes.

It's Ulrich's body.

TOM  
Christ.

Talon leaps from behind him. He gets off a few martial arts  
moves before he slips. He soon has a gun in his face.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Come on out, Jillian. If all of a  
sudden human life means something  
to you...then come and spare this  
one.

EXT. ANOTHER GROUP OF TREES

Jesse and Jillian hide in bushes. Jesse still has Cobalt's  
gun.

JESSE  
He's out of range. I can't be sure.

JILLIAN  
Perhaps this is how it should be...

Jillian kisses Jesse.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)  
No matter what...He must not leave  
alive, right?

JESSE  
Understood. However, it doesn't  
have to be both of you.

JILLIAN  
I'm beginning to think it does.

TOM (O.S.)  
You have the count of  
five...four...

One more quick kiss.

JILLIAN  
I...love you.

Jesse smiles.

JESSE  
Then don't get killed.

TOM (O.S.)  
Three...two...

JILLIAN  
Hold on, Thomas.

Jillian stands up and walks towards Tom's truck.

The gun fires anyway.

JILLIAN (CONT'D)  
You bastard! I said I was coming,  
damn it!

TOM (O.S.)  
You were over ruled.

Tom spots Jillian and hangs up the phone.

EXT. TOM'S PICK UP

He walks towards her as she leans against the truck,  
surrounded by cows.

JILLIAN  
You didn't have to kill him, you  
know.

TOM  
Yeah, I did.

JILLIAN

Did you know that he had a daughter in Chicago? Every month he sent her almost every penny he earned...

TOM

Yeah. Blood money. But, then again, you know all about that, don't you?

Jillian nods.

JILLIAN

I can't erase the crimes of my past...although I wish I could.

Tom frowns.

TOM

What happened to that delightfully twisted genius I met in North Conway? So ready to change the world, to sacrifice everything for a noble cause...

JILLIAN

In the end...that was not the cause worth dying for...

TOM

...and what of them, Jillian?

Tom waves his hands at the cows that graze around them.

TOM (CONT'D)

The truth has not changed. They will still be slaughtered...the blood will still flow...your new found convictions does not change that...

Jillian frowns.

JILLIAN

No...I can't change others...I can only change myself.

Tom sighs.

TOM

So what now, Jillian? Are you going to turn me in, or am I going to hire an army of lawyers and have you locked up in the insane asylum with your fath...

Jillian glares at Tom.

JILLIAN  
I don't expect that to happen.

Tom nods and reaches around her waist.

TOM  
Well...can I have one more? For old  
times sake...

Jillian wants to kiss him, but can't.

Tom wraps his arm around her and has her in a headlock, gun  
aimed at her head.

TOM (CONT'D)  
You weren't alone, were you?

He squeezes harder.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Were you?

JILLIAN  
Yes! It was me and Talon! That's  
all...

TOM  
I heard another voice! Who was it?

He smacks her to the ground...

She rolls under the truck.

The moment of opportunity.

Tom bends over to try to get a shot...

Blam.

Jill fires from under the truck. The bullet does not Tom, but  
the Bull who has been grazing nearby.

The bull is furious...the cows panic.

Tom tries to get to the truck, but the bovine sea pulls him  
farther away...

He falls to the ground and is stomped by dozens of angry  
hooves.

They separate and Tom staggers to his feet...

Only to be run through by the horns of the bull.

EXT. A FLORIDA CATTLE RANCH - EVENING

The cows have calmed, now. Jillian and Jesse sit in the bed of the truck, looking up at the stars.

JESSE

What now?

Jillian shrugs.

JILLIAN

I don't know. I did not plan on making it this far.

She laughs and smiles.

JESSE

Are you still rich?

Jillian nods.

JILLIAN

I can't keep that money...I'll set up an anonymous trust fund for the people who were lost...

JESSE

What about Ross? He's going to come out of this smelling like a god damn rose...

Jillian shrugs her shoulders.

JILLIAN

I don't know. Let him have his day, I suppose. After all, he will clean up any more...

JESSE

Will there be more?

JILLIAN

I doubt it. We only made a few doses before it went nation wide. The core product is sound...So that's good, I suppose.

Lightning bugs flash in the field.

Crickets chirp.

Frogs sing in some kind of amphibious choir.

The moon rises in the east over the clump of palm trees.

And suddenly, without realizing it, for a brief shining moment of time for Jesse and Jillian, all is right with the world.

There, in the pasture, in the truck bed, they melt into a passionate kiss...

FADE TO BLACK